

## ABE'S LITTLE Flier

By GRANT THORBURN

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For years he'd been a power in the Flatbrook meeting house—not during church time, to be sure, nor yet at Sunday school, nor week night meetings, nor Epworth League. It was at other times he shone—at the fairs, and candy sales, and donation parties, and school commencements, for he was a prestidigitator, and he was the regular thing at the village entertainments.

But lately his popularity had begun to wane. The Flatbrookers became tired of the same old card and coin tricks, though Abe Hinchman, through long and careful practice, was an adept at them. They longed for the Indian box trick and the juggler's sword tricks of the metropolis. They did not know that down in the cities the blase members of society, if they ever did attend a sleight of hand performance, always came in when the card and coin tricks commenced and yawned and went out when the Indian box trick came on.

Abe realized that his popularity was on the wane. Even old Doc Clarkson's daughter had grown a bit distraught and cold. So Abe made up his mind. He drew about two-thirds of his bank deposit and started for New York. He was determined to learn a few new tricks, buy some new paraphernalia and come back and astonish the natives and old Doc Clarkson's daughter. It was early winter and there was no farming to be done, so there was no better time or opportunity, and he went.

He occupied a seat in the smoker. At a station near the metropolis a well dressed young man boarded the train, looked around for a seat and finally took the one next to Hinchman. He was a sociable sort of fellow and entered into conversation at once. Abe told him all he knew and many things that he didn't. The stranger was not so communicative and confined himself strictly to fiction, although Abe couldn't know that, of course.

"Now, look a-here," remarked this man. "Don't you go to any hotel. You go to a private boarding house. They won't skin you. I know a good one where they'll treat you right. You come with me." Abe went.

The place was situated in a rather obscure street, but the rates were cheap. Abe's companion, by a singular coincidence, boarded their own.

After supper they went upstairs into the parlor. A caller was announced, a rather sedate personage. He wanted to see Abe's new companion. They talked together in one corner while Abe sat in another. Then his friend came over to him.

"Say, Hinchman," he began, "do you know anything about diamonds? Any judge of them?" Abe glanced at the other man out of the corner of his eye.

"Somepin'," he replied. "Was in a jewelry store up home f'r awhile. Why? What's up?"

"Why, say," continued the other, "he's a friend of mine in a fix. He's got some good diamonds and wants me to loan about \$200 on 'em. They're worth \$900 anyway. I've seen 'em. Now, I ain't got \$200 or I'd lend it to him. Suppose you do it. How much have you got?" This was a superfluous question, for he had discovered on the train that Hinchman had just \$250.

"Well, now, here," went on the other, "he says if he don't pay up in a week you can keep the stones, see? He can't pay up, and the stones are the real thing, see? And you'll be in the difference between a couple of hundred and most a thousand, see?"

Hinchman saw. He thought it over and concluded that it was a sound proposition, provided the gems were genuine. He excused himself a moment, went to his room and put \$200 in one envelope and something else in another envelope of similar appearance.

They had to go to the friend's room, a few blocks distant up a dark, dingy staircase. The friend produced the jewels. Abe wouldn't touch them unless they went over to some Broadway jeweler and determined their worth and genuine character. This was fair, and they went. It was really superfluous, for Abe could tell by the merest examination that the stones were the real things. There were four of them. The Broadway jeweler looked at them, said they might sell for a couple of hundred apiece, but that he would give \$150 spot cash for each of them. Then the three went back.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Hinchman's friend of Hinchman. "They ain't worth as much as we thought, but there's a good clear profit in it for you in case my friend here don't pay, and if he does you get your money back, with good big interest and a bonus besides at the end of a week."

The diamonds were again produced and once more examined. From that time on Abe Hinchman kept his eyes, not on the faces of his friends, but on the diamonds.

"I'll do it," he finally announced. He slowly withdrew from his pocket the envelope containing the \$250 and a small bag. He counted the money in front of the two men, and they put the diamonds in the bag at his request. After he had counted the money and replaced it in the envelope and once more examined the diamonds and replaced them in the bag, which he did more or less carelessly, keeping up a steady conversation all the time, he laid both upon the table.

"Now, gents," he concluded, "I'm a stranger here, and I rely on your honor not to do me. This here is a fair and square deal on my part, and I suppose it

is on yours. Now, there's your money, and here's—"

There was a loud rap on the door, and a man broke in. He was not in uniform, but he wore some kind of shield, which he exhibited. Behind him were two other men.

"Don't move!" he yelled to the three men around the table. "I arrest the whole gang for robbery!"

Hinchman's two companions sprang to the table, shoved Hinchman aside, grabbed the bag containing the jewels and the envelope containing the money and made for the door.

"Run for your life!" they yelled to Hinchman. "It's the cops! These stones is stolen!" They waited not, but burst through the men at the door and leaped down the stairs. Hinchman was left to face the three men.

"Well, sir," said the leader severely, "we got you anyways. What you got to say for yourself?"

Hinchman told the whole story from beginning to end. The three men evidently didn't believe it, but nevertheless they marched him to the corner of the street and there told him they would let him go provided he would appear at the police station in the morning to prosecute the others. He promised, and they left him. He took to his heels and sprinted for his boarding house. Once there, he gathered up his grip, paid his reckoning and jumped on the nearest trolley car. Eventually he fetched up at the Astor House. There he took a room.

Once in his room, he slung his grip in a corner, took off his hat and wiped his brow with a bandanna kerchief. Then he drew carefully from his inside pocket first an envelope and then a small bag. In the envelope was Abe Hinchman's \$200, and in the bag were four genuine stones. The other men, wherever they were, also had an envelope and a little bag, but in the one was simply a roll of green paper and in the other a few dried beans.

Abe Hinchman had merely played it as low down on 'em as he could; that's all. Legerdemain comes in handy once in awhile. He shopped around and sold two of the stones. The other two he kept.

A week later Abe Hinchman stepped off the train at Flatbrook and sauntered down the street. A diamond stud shone in his shirt bosom. He smoked a twenty cent cigar.

"Pretty lip, Abe," remarked a townsman—the jeweler, in fact—as he inspected the pin. "Where'd you get the dough?"

"Just been taking a little flier in Wall street with the boys," remarked Abe carelessly. Another hailed him.

"Well, Abe," said this one, "you look first rate. What you been doin' down there?"

"Well," returned Abe, "you can just bet that I stood on the steps in front of the Astor House along with the best of them; yes, sir, I did."

"Here's a little thing for you, Millie," suggested Abe to Doc Clarkson's girl that day—"that is, if you'll say 'Yes.' It was a magnificent solitaire ring. 'Oh, Abe!' sighed the young lady in assent.

A week later Abe Hinchman entertained a select audience with the Indian box trick, the sword trick, the clothes basket trick, the cabinet trick and every trick in the business. It was simply great.

**Napoleon's Character.**  
In character Napoleon may be said to have been not so much wicked as devoid of moral sense. The first principles of morality seem to have had no place in his mind, and it is difficult to see how they could have found entrance there. He had really no country, and consequently no patriotism. Born a Corsican and setting out with bitter hatred of France as the destroyer of Corsican liberties, he never really became a Frenchman. He never learned to write the language, hardly to pronounce it. France was the seat and fiefdom of his power, his throne and the recruiting ground of his armies. Whatever he might say in proclamations, in his moments of sincerity he spoke of the French contemptuously as people who were to be governed through their vanity, which it was necessary to feed with a perpetual course of victories. Domineered in France, he had consorted with a set of adventurers as prodigies as any that the world has seen. The only sort of public morality with which he had ever been impressed was the fidelity of the soldier to military duty.—Goldwin Smith in Atlantic.

**Conjuring a Tooth.**  
Among the negroes the most striking remedies are to be found. Witness the combination of cure and spell described under the name of "conjuring a tooth" in Alabama. Go into a lonely part of the woods with one of the opposite sex, who is to carry an ax. The beare of the ax chops around the roots of a white oak, cuts off with a jack-knife nine splinters from the roots of the tree, then cuts around the roots of the aching tooth with the knife, dips each of the nine splinters in the blood flowing from the cuts and finally buries the splinters at the root of the tree from which they came. While doing this the operator repeats something you don't understand, which is the charm.—Kansas City Journal.

**The Knight Rejoined.**  
We believe that kissing is an English custom. We read in ancient history of a knight who visited the Field of the Cloth of Gold and who on being invited to a local castle was addressed by the "kynde lady" of the establishment, who remarked:

"Forasmuch as in England ye have such custome as that a man may kyse a woman, therefore I will that ye shall kyse me, and ye shall also kyse these my maidens."

"Which thing," adds the old historian, "ye knyghe straightway did and rejoiced greatly therat."

"Now, gents," he concluded, "I'm a stranger here, and I rely on your honor not to do me. This here is a fair and square deal on my part, and I suppose it

HEADQUARTERS  
OF THE  
Republican County Committee  
Of Essex County.

## Republican Primaries and Conventions.

The Republican Voters of the Several Election Districts of the County of Essex are Heretofore Called to Meet in Primaries on

TUESDAY, THE EIGHTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1903,

From 1 to 9 P. M.

In places herein below designated, and then there to elect:

First—Delegates to the Republican County Convention, to be held at Krueger Auditorium, Belmont Avenue, in the City of Newark, on Wednesday, the fifth day of September, 1903, at 8 o'clock a. m., to nominate eleven candidates for members of the General Assembly.

Second—Delegates to the Republican City Convention, of the City of Newark, to be held at Republic Hall, corner of Harrison and Academy Streets, in the City of Newark, on Wednesday, the tenth day of September, 1903, at 8 P. M., to nominate two candidates for members of the Board of Street and Water Commissioners, and a candidate for Trustee of the Newark City Hospital.

Third—Delegates from each election district, two members of the Republican County Committee to serve for two years.

The number of delegates to which each district is entitled are as follows, set forth:

Princeton Place, BLOOMFIELD

First Ward, First District, Barber Shop, 31 Broad Street.

First Ward, Second District, 149 Montague Street, Street.

Second Ward, 379 Broad Street.

Third Ward, First District, 287 Glenwood Avenue.

Third Ward, Second District, 25 Willow Street.

Total, 12.

GLEN RIDGE BOROUGH, First District, Fire House, Herman Street.

Total, 3.

BELLEVILLE, First District, Valley House House, John Street.

Second District, Eastwood House House, William Street.

Third District, Mrs. Osborne's Store, Montgomery Street.

Total, 6.

CARL LENTZ, Chairman Republican Co. Committee of Essex County, N. J.

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A BIT OF PANTOMIME.

Max O'Rell's Opinion of Four Peop-

les Given in Gestures.

"When Max O'Rell came to Montreal

some years ago," said a man from that

city to a Detroit Journal contributor,

"we fixed up a little joke on him. We

had noticed how gracefully he could

unite a caustic criticism with a compliment,

a faculty that enabled him to

say the sharpest things without offend-

ing the people he was criticising. We

were going to put the faculty to a test.

"We had him lunch with us, and

there were at the table besides himself

an Englishman, Scotchman, an Irish-

man and a French-Canadian. When

we got our guest off his guard we de-

manded an honest opinion of the differ-

ent races we represented. As the opin-

ion had to be given in the presence of

all four, the situation for him was a

rather delicate one. But it never seem-

ed to trouble him, and he gave his opin-

ion without a moment's hesitation.

"The Scotchman," he said, and he

clenched his right hand tightly and

pretended to try to force it open with

his left. The Englishman"—and he

went through the same performance,

opening the hand at the end after an

apparent struggle. The Irishman"—

and he held out his hand wide open,

with the palm upward. The French-

man"—and he made a motion with both

hands as if he were emptying them

on the table.

"There was not a word of explanation,

but we all understood thoroughly

and had a hearty laugh. Max O'Rell

had maintained his reputation."

A Lincoln Joke.

One of Lincoln's visitors in the early

days of his administration says:

"He walked into the corridor with us,